ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES.

Daily Press

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS. NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

PAGES 5 TO 8.

VOL. III, NO. 301. NEWPORT NEWS, VA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1898. PRICE SINGLE COPY, TWO CENTS ONE WEEK TEN CENTS

Woman and Her Ways

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

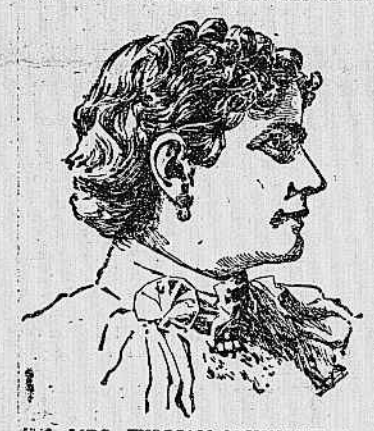
Mrs. McKinley Will Do Her Full Share in Entertaining Society This Winter.

The latest picture of Mrs. McKinley shows her looking remarkably well; the picture is a very pretty one of a profile with the eyes looking serenely ahead. That is one of the charms of Mrs. McKinley's face — its perfect serenity—and a person gazing on this face can easily believe that the president's home has been a "haven of peace."

Mrs. McKinley's invalidism, which her friends say is now much improved, got her in the habit of wearing her hair short; then she discovered that short, wavy hair was becoming to her. Now she wears it done in such a way that one can scarcely tell whether it is long or short.

Mrs. McKinley is a very tasteful woman in dress. She wears soft effects around her neck, and is said to be opposed to the tailor-made style of dressing, as too severe and unfeminine.

Mrs. McKinley is one of the many women now prominently before the public as the wives of statesmen who were not poor in their youth; she never knew the struggles of the washtub and the frying pan. Her father was a banker, and though this does not mean a great deal in a small place, it meant comfort for her. She entered mercantile life as his assistant, and took a great interest in the work, not from necessity, but from pleasure. She received a fine education at one of the



MRS. WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

seminaries for young ladies in Ohio, and remained there until she was well fitted for a teacher.

Her friends have been carefully chosen and the most of these have been professionals, for she is very fond of artists and musical composers. Though reports say to the contrary, Mrs. McKinley is distinctively a society woman, and she goes out whenever her health allows her and sometimes when it does not. She is a clever conversationalist, and is well known for her repartee. Mrs. McKinley is one of the most delightful hostesses in Washington and will entertain quite often during the winter. With herself as first lady of the white house, Mrs. Hay as the leader of the cabinet ladies, and Mrs. Hobart as the representative of society—a position which always belongs to the wife of the vice president—Washington will be largely entertained this winter by homes of wealth, and of the three Mrs. McKinley will do her full share.

TALK ABOUT LETTERS.

Never Communicate With Friends in Writing When Depressed or Low-Spirited.

To write a letter when one is suffering from a fit of the blues, from temporary or chronic depression, thus sending forth one's melancholy to become the chilly wet blanket which can smother another's happiness, is short-sighted. Out comes the bright sunshine, and your clouds vanish; but your darkly and wretchedly conceived letter has gone beyond your reach, and you cannot recall it, and it is busy about its baneful errand when you are in no frame of mind to own that you sent it out. Years afterward it may fall into the hands of your heirs, and may lay at your door the charge of a tendency of insanity, or be quoted in evidence of your spiritual of mental weakness and infelicity. Refrain from writing letters when you are in a low mood.

Another point, and this has to do with the letters of well-known people. What right has the public to the intimate knowledge, the unveiling, the revelation caused by the publication of letters when the helpless dead can lift no hand for their own defense or protection. Much as we enjoy biography, there often comes over us a creepy feeling, a sort of shiver, at the thought that those who wrote these private personal letters never intended them for the perusal of other eyes than those of the one to whom they were addressed. Famous men and women should take precautions during their lifetime against this invasion of their individual rights when they are no longer here.

Letters are endowed with a sort of earthly immortality, an indestructibility which resists everything except the flames.—Harper's Bazar.

PREVENTABLE ILLNESS.

Lack of Pure Air in Winter Is the Most Prolific Source of Poor Health and Suffering.

It is amazing how much sickness is preventable. How much misery, discomfort and ill-health the housewife is often directly responsible for, and yet how often she is entirely unconscious of her responsibility and her failure.

Many a person who is called a neat housekeeper has no idea of anything beyond polishing "the outside of the front door."

One mother whom I know prides herself on having her rooms all in order very early in the morning. She is too intent upon this to air the children's beds properly and makes them up while they are still warm from the previous night.

For economic reasons she does not air the rooms thoroughly in cold weather, as it takes so much more fire to heat them again. The consequence is her children are almost always ailing.

She says of them herself, "they get everything that is going."

They are accustomed to inhale so much poison from the vitiated atmosphere of their own rooms that the least chilling of their bodies or excess in eating throws them in a state of fever.

This mother is a very religious woman and prays every day for the health and happiness of her offspring, and yet they are never well, and so of course cannot be happy.

The lady of whom I am writing keeps one servant, whom she leaves to her own devices as long as things look neat. The lady herself never descends below the kitchen to see what is going on in the cellar. About once or twice a year, however, the neighbors are treated to a very suggestive sight. It is the annual or semi-annual cleaning.

No housewife does her whole duty who does not look into her own cellar and insist upon its being thoroughly cleaned at least once a week. Care should also be taken to allow pure, fresh air to constantly enter the cellar. It is the air from the cellar which diffuses itself throughout the whole house. How important, then, that the cellar should be clean.

Some foolish people have a prejudice against opening their windows at night, thinking that night air is bad for the child. The night air is all we have to breathe at night, and the less stagnant it is the better for all concerned.

A lady who boards and has time to look after her neighbors a little told me that opposite her residence there were only about half a dozen of the sleeping rooms where the windows were ever open at night during cold weather.

Everybody must know that smallpox, measles and other eruptive diseases spread more readily and universally in winter than in summer. The reason is this: The poison is allowed to concentrate. It is comparatively undiluted with the atmosphere.—N. Y. Ledger Monthly.

Camphor Balls for Winter Use.

Camphor balls, which are so good for chapped hands in the winter, should be made in autumn, so that they may mature and harden completely. They are composed of lard, two ounces; white wax two ounces, and powdered camphor, half an ounce. Melt these together, and make into balls when warm and moist.—Chicago Chronicle.

What Pa Says.

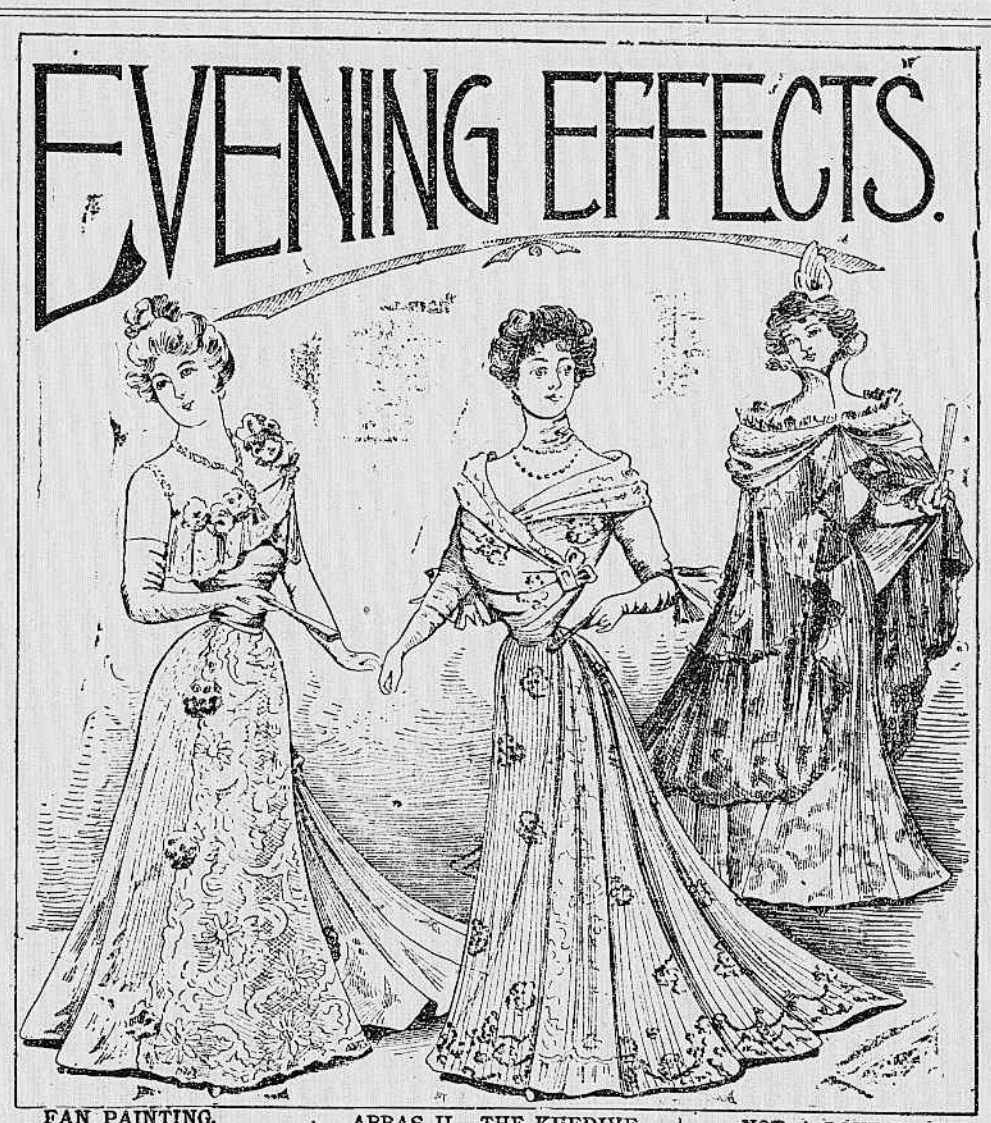
"Christmas comes but once a year." Willie says: "A shame!"
Bess and Nell and Sam, well, say the very same.
Sue and Harry say: "Too bad!" both in one accord,
Ma is meek and doesn't speak; Pa says: "Thank the Lord!"
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Infantile Deduction.

"I guess paw hasn't got so much money this year," said little brother.

"What makes you think so?" asked little sister.

"'Cause he was telling me that it wasn't right to impose on Santa Claus just because the old feller was good natured."—Indianapolis Journal.



FAN PAINTING.

A New Fad That Will Be Popular with the Ladies This Winter.

A new kind of fancy work is come into fashion, and it is one that is not likely to be very common, as it requires considerable talent, a knowledge of painting, and is, besides, very expensive work. It is the painting of fans. This is not exactly new, for fans have been painted on parchment, paper, silk and transparent material for some time, but it is now the fashion to paint on vellum, parchment or pigskin. Even better than any of these is chicken skin, but this is difficult to obtain as yet in this country, and those fans that have been finished have been painted on skins that were bought abroad.

The fan should be of medium size, not large, but yet larger than the empire fan that has been fashionable for so long. The fad is to use two or three shades of one color—for instance, blue or brown—and the design can be a miniature with scrollwork about it, some odd design in arabesque or Grecian pattern, or the design on some old fan may be copied. Museums are ransacked and old books pored over to find designs that are popular to copy. Some women who are ambitious and really have talent for this sort of thing have copied the Watteau pictures; others have contented themselves with much simpler things; and the trouble is with a very simple design that it leaves so much of the skin uncovered, and this requires most careful toning down in coloring—a most difficult piece of work—and as yet the fad is only in its infancy, and there are not many places where this accomplishment is taught.

After the fan is painted comes another difficulty; that is the mounting of it properly. Antique shops furnish rare specimens of carved ivory, tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl sticks, and, of course, these add greatly to the beauty of the work; but they will not always fit the design. The most successful workers buy their sticks first then have the skin cut, or, at all events, marked out into the proper size, and then pay some attention to the pattern on the stick in the design that is painted. These fans make most charming wedding or Christmas presents, but, it must be well understood, it takes some time to finish satisfactorily, and are, as has been said, expensive. They are not good for hard wear, but deserve a place in a cabinet or on a table of fancy trifles. Undoubtedly there will be a great number of these turned out when they are better known, and when women take lessons in painting. Every line of good work will show to advantage, but, alas! every incorrect line will also stand out most conspicuously. Painting on vellum will certainly be one of the new fashions before long, not only for such work as has been described, but for portfolios, book covers and the thousand and one trifles that go on the writing desk. Vellum takes colors most satisfactorily, and for anyone who is artistic enough to blend colors well this work turns out so that it well repays the trouble taken in doing it. Of course slovenly drawing and inharmonious coloring will give an amateurish effect which will rob the work of grace.—Harper's Bazar.

ABBAS II., THE KHEDIVE.

Some Facts About the Young Monarch Whom England Does Not Like.

Abbas II. seems bent upon making himself impossible, and in the event of his deposition becoming necessary the readiest substitute would appear to be his younger brother, who from childhood upward was always the brighter and more amiable boy of the two. But there is an alternative worth consideration, and that is the restoration of the old Mussulman succession vested in the elder branch of the family. This was set aside in 1866 by Sultan Abdull Aziz, who was bribed by Viceroy Ismail to alter the succession to his direct line.

It was then that he received from his suzerain the high-sounding Persian title of khedive. By this arbitrary act Prince Halim, the only surviving son of Mehemet Ali, was excluded from the succession in favor of Ismail's son, Tewfik. Halim, the most liberal and enlightened member of the family, is now dead, but his children remain. The eldest son, Prince Said, who has received a careful European education, would be persona grata to the Egyptian people, both as the grandson of Mehemet Ali and as representing a return to the Koranic law of succession.

The present khedive is the seventh ruler of Egypt in the line of Mehemet Ali, and the second Abbas. The name is a sinister one in the Egyptian dynasty. The first Abbas, who succeeded Ibrahim in 1849, had a brief reign, but long enough to make his memory execrated. Cowardly and cruel, addicted to the most repugnant form of vice, he was assassinated by his own creatures in 1854 at Abbasiyeh, in the palace whose gaunt remains still line the road.

His name became a by-word in Egypt, and the members of the vice regal family have always discreetly consigned him to oblivion as much as possible. He did not reside at the Cairo citadel like his predecessors, Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim, but built himself a rambling palace in the heart of the town, a conspicuous feature of which is a lofty tower, which he used for his hobby of pigeon flying. Latterly he hid himself in Abbasiyeh.—London Chronicle.

There is a colored people's church in the country near Troy, S. C., named Set-Back, from the character of the discipline of its members. "The Amen corner" is occupied by those in a high state of grace, and from there on to the door the spiritual value of the seats gradually decreases. The vilest sinner sits by the door till an improvement in conduct gives him promotion. The cardinal vices are fighting and bad language; so quick-tempered Jane never knew the delights of the "Amen corner." "Miss 'Lizbeth, I 'clar ter gracious, I bin up ter de stove five times han'runnin', when dat hyperit Nancy eaze me ter be sot back! Eber time she sees me git most up ter her she 'low: 'Jake been roun' our way a heap lately! He don't seem ter set ez much sto' by you, Jane, ez you think fur'—en so on till I jes bless her out fo' I kin think, en Brer Banks sets me back! Ef I could kill dat nigger out my way, I could march straight ter de glory-seat!"—Truth.

NOT A LOVE MATCH.

Queen Wilhelmina's Marriage Will Be Largely Governed by Reasons of State.

It has been widely heralded that the engagement of Holland's young queen and the prince of Wied is one in which love cuts more of a figure than anything else. There is very good reason to believe that, while there may be more affection between the two than is usually the case in royal marriages, reasons of state have as much to do with the prospective union as anything else. One of these reasons has just been pointed out by a European authority. The royal family and the people of Holland generally want to avoid the possibility that by the marriage of the young sovereign to a prince of a ruling family it might happen after some time that through inheritance a ruler of a foreign country might become also king of Holland. This might easily happen if the young queen should marry a prince of any ruling European house. The Dutch royal family and the people of Holland do not wish to repeat the experiences which the country has had in the past. Such marriages were the reasons for the Dutch war of independence in the sixteenth century, and indirectly for the dividing of Belgium and Holland into two kingdoms in 1832.

Just such a consort as was desired by the Dutch people is found in the prince of Wied, whose family is absolutely without political influence in Germany. During the dominance of Napoleon in a large part of European affairs the Wieds were deprived of their throne. After the evacuation of Germany by the French it was considered best by the rulers of all the large German states not to restore their thrones to the smaller princes, included among whom were the princes of Wied. The former territory of the Wieds was therefore given to Prussia in 1815, since when the princes of Wied have been Prussian subjects, with less influence in Germany than many of the oldest noble families. Nevertheless, the Wied family is considered to be of equal birth to the other royal German families. Their title remains, but that is all, as they have very small family possessions. As Bulwer says: "The mate for beauty should be a man, not a money chest," and when the beauty is also a queen this rule should hold doubly good. The prince, being an exceedingly presentable young fellow and without any chance of bringing up complications such as the cautious Hollanders feared, was just the man to mate with her majesty Queen Wilhelmina. Hence his selection. His royal highness is poor, but his wife will have enough for both, and she is believed to know enough to so manage affairs that her royal consort will be held in check should he ever manifest such gay tendencies as have characterized the ruler of the neighboring kingdom of Belginm.—Chicago Chronicle.

Those He Don't Want.

When a man says he doesn't want any Christmas presents, he means that he doesn't want any that are charged to him at the stores, or bought with his own money.—Atchison Globe.

TREASURES IN ART.

Spain Has Thousands of Beautiful Paintings of Almost Incalculable Value.

Spain has not been stripped of all her wealth. She is in possession of riches that a rapacious conqueror like the great Napoleon would have taken without ceremony. She has treasures in books, manuscripts and paintings which would eminently grace the libraries and galleries of the United States.

For example, in the Royal picture gallery in Madrid there are 2,000 canvases, among which are some of the most beautiful pictures in the world. There are ten paintings by Raphael, 46 by Murillo, 64 by Velasquez, 22 by Van Dyck, 62 by Rubens, 43 by Titian, 25 by Paul Veronese, and ten by Claude Lorraine. No one could hope to get together to-day such a collection, in which there is scarcely a picture that is not artistic work of the first class; and the writer who estimated that the 2,000 paintings are easily worth $200,000,000 spoke wisely and well within reason.

The duke of Veragua, who came over here in 1893 at the country's expense, who was entertained in a royal manner, and left with anything but friendly feeling for the United States because a popular subscription to pay his debts was not raised, is the owner of books and manuscripts relating to his great ancestor, Columbus, which are almost priceless. Among them are books that were owned by Columbus himself. A writer in the New York Times, in reviewing this subject, says with fine irony, considering Veragua's character, that "possibly the duke might be patriotic enough to help his country by disposing of the correspondence of Columbus, which he prizes so highly."

These artistic and literary treasures represent an immense sum of money, and at one time during the war a Spanish paper suggested that while the treasury was practically empty it might be supplied with money by disposing of these works.

But the suggestion was not adopted, and Spain may congratulate herself on the fact that she was not opposed by a grasping enemy. If she engages in another war, and at its close finds herself again in her present predicament, she may expect to lose her pictures and literary possessions.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SMART SKATING COSTUMES.

A Plain Skirt, with Vivid Bodice, Is the Graceful and Becoming Thing.

All these gay colors of cloth make a florid and not ineffective show on the ponds and in the rinks, where the whirr of steel on the ice rises on the frosty air. A plain skirt, ankle long, with a vivid flannel or velveteen bodice, is just about the most graceful and becoming thing a skater can assume.

Camel's hair serge is what the skirt is made of, and the most startling combinations in color prevail until the rinks resemble carnival gatherings. The biggest and brightest buttons flash on upper as well as nether garments, and some of these are huge polished pewter buttons, such as are made and worn by Dutch men and women on the frozen canals of Holland.

Pretty skating costumes from Paris are resplendent with fur or fancy braid and gay with silver buttons that are in reality tiny bells, tingling out fairy music at every movement of the wearer. The skirts of such suits are cut close at the hip and somewhat full below the knees, enabling the wearer to move with freedom, and adding greatly to the sum of grace. Turbans of astrakhan, broad tail and Persian lamb are what the smart skaters wear. These are round cap-shaped things, with a tuft of bright feathers like a shaving brush sticking up in front and held by a pin of Russian silver.

very other woman, whether her frock is silk or serge, has depending from the rear of her basque a species of tail which is bound to excite interest, if not applause. It was fully ten years ago that basques resigned their rear appendages, but, like Mary's little lambs, they are back in fashion, every one with its tail behind it. Sometimes the tail is a mere bunch of ribbon ends, scarcely larger than the sort of thing a rabbit wears, again they are beetle-wing-shaped and fall nearly to the knee. Coatee, habit, postillion and swallow tails are the species most frequently seen at present, and whether they are pretty or not is another matter; the tailors say they have come to stay.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With the dreariness and desolation of cold and rainy nights in November comes the comfortable thought of brightly lighted sitting-rooms, with hearth fires and good books. There is nothing more certain to make the heart swell with cheerfulness than this same combination. After a long day at work, when the wind is howling outside and the rain is splashing against the windows, the flicker of the grate fire is magnetic. One can scarcely force himself to get up and away from it, and a book adds to the attraction. It is the time when the stay-at-home enjoys himself to the fullest.—Detroit Free Press.